

DOCTOR WHO

SMART BOMBS

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SO... WE GOT
DINOSAURS?

VAMPIRES?

MAD MONKS
OBSESSED
WITH THE
NUMBER 13?

NORPE!

NON!

NYET!

AHH! CAN'T
WE GO
SOMEWHERE
GOOD
INSTEAD?

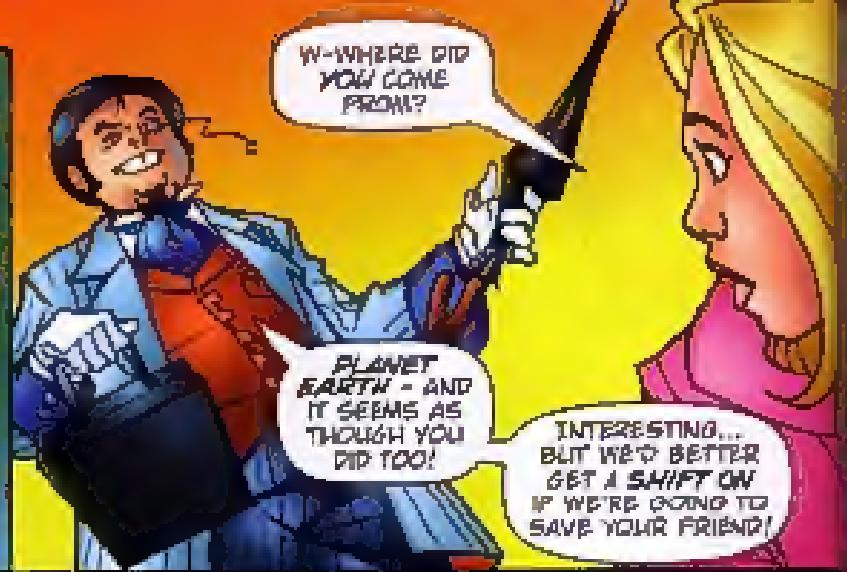
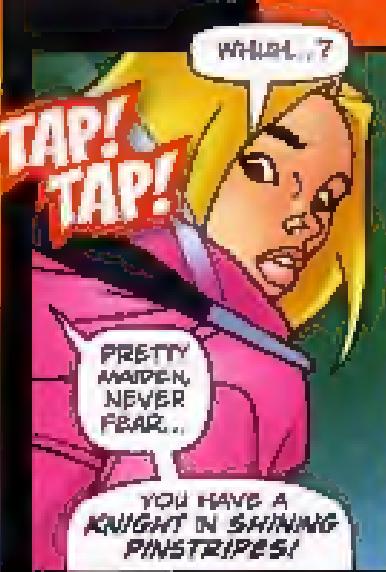
CHEER UP, BOSSY!
WHAT'S NOT TO
LIKE ABOUT THE
SHINS-SAWING, THE
FLOWERS, THE -

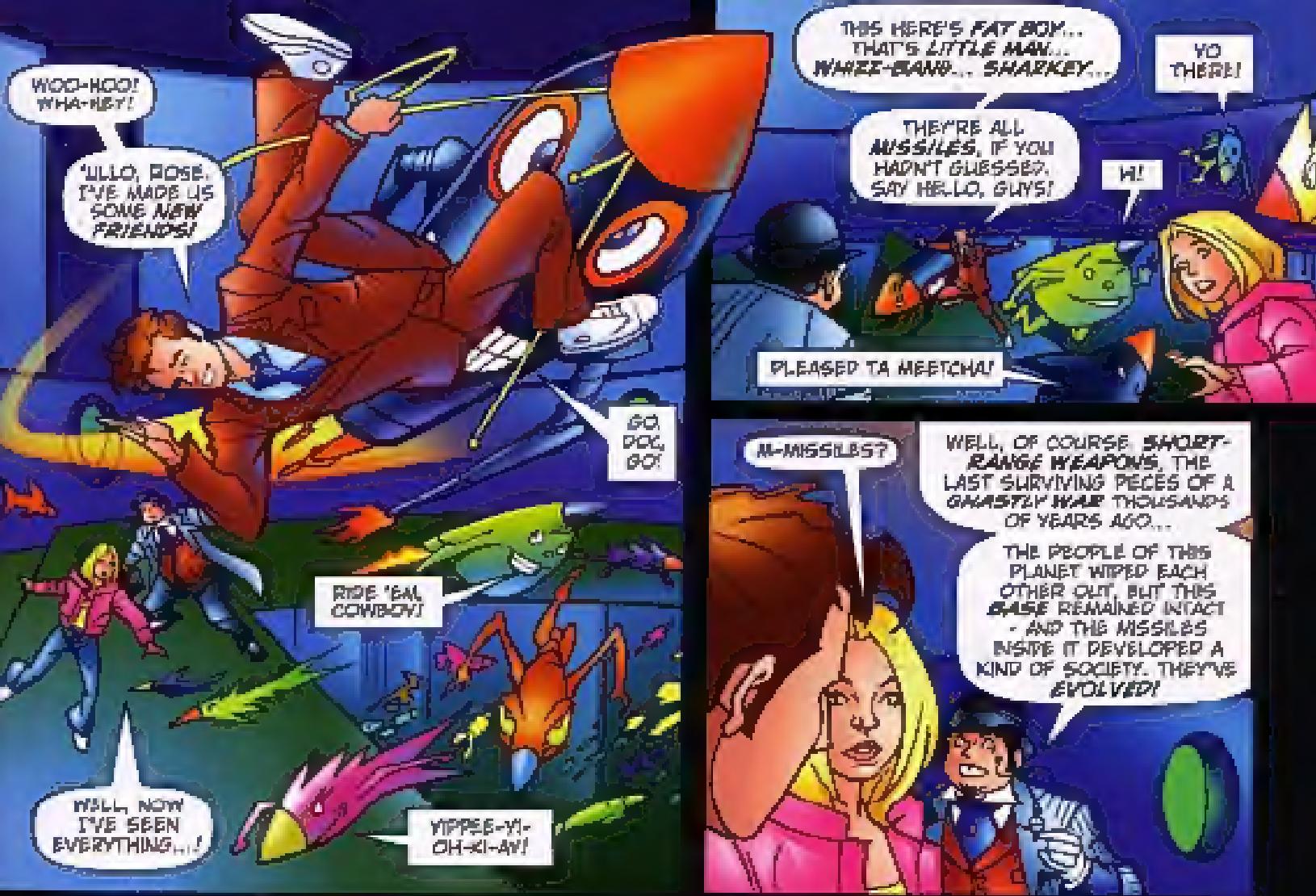
- WHACKING
GREAT 'OLE IN THE
GROUND???

WAH!

DOCTOR!!!







YOU'VE BEEN
HIDDEN DOWN HERE
IN THE DEPTHS OF
THIS PLANET FOR
CENTURIES NOW...

WHY IS IT
YOU DON'T
GO OUT?

W-WHATT?
UPSIDER?

UPSIDER'S
BAD FOR US!
MAKES OUR
NOSECONES
POP!

EHH?
WHAT'RE
THEY ON
ABOUT?

SIMPLY: THEY'RE ALL PACKED
FULL OF DISTRONIC
EXPLOSIVE. IT'S BANNED
ACROSS THE GALAXY...

WHEN IT
DECAYS, IT
BECOMES
INSTABLY.
AND WHEN IT'S
UNSTABLE, IT
REACTS TO
SUNLIGHT -
BANG!

ALL VERY TRUE, BUT
THE SUN OF THE PLANET
ZLAOW WAS SACRIFED
OUT YEARS AGO...

MY FRIENDS,
IGNORE THIS
CHEATING
TRADER!

CHEATING
TRADER? YOU WHAT?

HE SAID HE WAS A
TRADER - SHOWED
ME HIS CARD AND
EVERYTHING...

I KNOW WHAT'S
REALLY GOING ON
HERE: THIS GUY'S AN
ARM DEALER! AND
YOU WANNA KNOW
WHAT I THINK'S ON
THE OTHER SIDE OF
THAT TELEPORTAL?

I'LL BET - A
BRIGHT, SUNNY
WORLD HE'S
BEEN HIRED
TO BOMB TO
OBVIOUS!

IT'S YOUR CHOICE, MY
FRIENDS. BUT THIS IS A
ONCE-IN-A-LIFETIME OFFER...

SO FIRE UP YOUR
BOOSTERS, AND PASS
THROUGH THE GATE TO
THAT SHINLESS WORLD.
IT ISN'T FIT FOR
HUMANS NOW...

...COME,
FRIENDLY
BOMBS, AND
REIGN ON
ZLAOW!!!

LET'S
GO!

HOL!

YAAA!

VA-VA-
VOOM!

EEEEE OOOOOOWWWWW

WHAT NOW? TO
FIND OUT, TURN
TO PAGE 30!

DOCTOR WHO SMART BOMBS

continued from page 14

THE DOCTOR KNOWS
WHAT TO DO...

NO
CHANCE!

YOW!



'N-WHERE'S HE
GONE, DOCTOR...?'

'CAN'T SAY FOR SURE,
ROSE... BUT IT'S A FAIR BET
THAT IF SOMEONE WANTS
TO WEEP OUT THE NATIVES
THERE, THE NATIVES MIGHT
BE FRIENDLY!'

SHUURRR!

SLEEEE!

MEANWHILE...

THE
PORTAL!
GIVE US
BACK THE
PORTAL!

LIL-LILT LOVE YOU
AN' ALL, BUT YOU
GUYS HAVE GOT A
BIT OF GROWNING UP
TO DO...

COPPLE MORE
CENTURIPS IN THE
DARK, YOU MIGHT NOT
BE SO GULLIBLE!

WAN WAN
TOYS...

BAD
DOCTOR!
BAD!

YOU CAN'T BE
OUR FRIEND
ANY MORE!

YEAH! WE'LL
GET OUR BIG
BROTHER ON
TO YOU!

Whirr!

WHAT
DO THEY
MEAN, 'BIG
BROTHER'?

ER...

THAT BIG
BROTHER?

INTO THE
TARDIS -
GLUCK!

HOW COMES HE'S
NOT BLOWN UP
ALREADY?

I DON'T CARE,
DOCTOR!
LET'S GO!
NOW!

RRRUUMMBLE!

THAT'S YOUR
PARADISE LOST,
DOCTOR...

OH, I DUNNO, ROSE. BIG BROTHER
WASN'T A DISTRONIC WARHEAD -
HE WAS LONG-RANGE NUCLEAR.
MUST HAVE BEEN IMPOSSIBLY
OLD, A LEFTOVER FROM THAT
ORIGINAL WAR...

...THE SMOKE AND DUST
PRODUCED BY A BLAST
THAT MASSIVE WILL HAVE
BLOCKED OUT THE SUN
FOR GENERATIONS.
A NUCLEAR WINTER...

WHICH
MEANS...?

WHICH MEANS - FOR OUR
LITTLE FRIENDS DOWN
THERE, I RECKON PLAYTIME'S
JUST BEGINNING!

FREE!
FREE AT
LAST!

NO MORE
STUCK
IN THAT
SILO!

KABOOOM!

MORE ADVENTURES NEXT ISSUE!